

## **You Don't Always Need To Be So Strong by Mystery\_Lady**

**Series:** [For the First Time Ever We're Seeing It Eye to Eye \[1\]](#)

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**Summary:**

Something woke Bill up. He couldn't tell what it was but it was this nagging feeling that something was wrong. That someone needed help.

But who?

He was far away from the losers so it couldn't be his friends but the feeling of wrongness and the instinct to go and check and protect was strong. Seeing as he wasn't able to go back to sleep, he forces himself out of bed and leaves the room he was staying, going down the stairs to check.



## You Don't Always Need To Be So Strong

### Author's Note:

This is mostly a drabble that I wanted to write because I wanted to toy with the idea that Mike W. didn't get along with Bill until much later (kind of like how he was with Max).

So yeah, here it is. Sorry if it sounds sudden or abrupt or hell, even sloppy but this little plot bunny was nibbling in my ear and I had to write it down.

### *You Don't Always Need To Be So Strong*

Something woke Bill up. He couldn't tell what it was but it was this nagging feeling that something was wrong. That someone needed help.

But who?

He was far away from the losers so it couldn't be his friends but the feeling of wrongness and the instinct to go and check and *protect* was strong. Seeing as he wasn't able to go back to sleep, he forces himself out of bed and leaves the room he was staying, going down the stairs to check.

As he walks quietly down the stairs, he sees nothing out of the ordinary, if anything, everything looked fine. So what the fuck was it?

Standing in the middle of the living room, Bill sighs in irritation, deciding to go back up the stairs and back into Will's room—he had stayed over—when a soft sound caught his attention. Frowning, Bill looks around again, trying to listen intently. When he heard it again, his stomach dropped when he realized what it was.

Someone was crying.



Following the sound, he sees that the noise comes from behind the front door, outside. Wary, Bill walks silently towards the door and opens it gently, peeking suspiciously outside. When he sees who it was on the steps, curled up into a ball with their heads hidden by the arms that were wrapped around their knees, he was surprised.

Why was Mike crying?

Curious yet worried Bill steps outside and quietly padded towards the other boy.

“Mike?”

He sees that Mike flinches, curling up tighter into a ball, refusing to look up.

“Mike, a-are you o-o-okay?”

Mike didn’t respond to his question. Bill, concern but getting a bit frustrated with the boy’s stubborn nature, was about to ask again when he was interrupted.

“Why do you care?”

Bill was taken aback by the question, “What?”

“I asked, “why do you care”.” Mike repeats, his voice wavering on some of the words but the tone of voice was tense, almost angry; no, *ashamed*.

Bill sighs, “L-look, just b-because you huh-hate me doesn’t muh-mean that I hate you.”

Mike stays silent after that admission.

Seeing that Mike wasn’t going to move anything soon, he decides to sit next to him, ignoring the way the other boy tenses next to him.

“If y-you don’t wuh-want to tell muh-me what’s g-going on, that’s fuh-fine but don’t feel buh-bad for c-crying.”

“I’m not even supposed to be crying.” Mike argues.



Bill raises an eyebrow, “And w-why not?”

“Everyone is having a good time after they spent through a hellish year, I should be happy along with them. I should be happy for them, strong for them. Why the fuck am I even crying?”

After listening to the other boy, Bill’s eyes soften.

“Mike.”

While silent, he could tell the other boy was listening to him.

“Mike, it’s okay to c-cry. I know you’re t-their l-l-leader and that muh-makes you think t-that you a-always have to b-be s-s-strong. But it d-doesn’t always work t-that way. You’re human; you’re a-allowed to fuh-feel overwhelm and t-tired. It’s o-okay to feel s-stressed and worried a-about their huh-happiness.”

Mike slowly turns his head towards him, big brown eyes bloodshot and puffy. It honestly broke Bill’s heart. He reminded him so much of his Richie; trying to look brave and nonchalant but silently breaking underneath all the tension and guilt.

“But it’s o-okay to think about y-your wants too. If s-s-sometimes you need a b-break or s-someone to talk to, it d-doesn’t make y-you feel weak. It makes you *human*.”

Mike’s lips tremble, “But I—”

“You’re the unofficial l-leader, I know, I *understand*. B-but I also k-know when w-we need s-s-someone to l-lean on, no muh-matter how c-cheesy it s-s-sounds.”

Mike shakes his head, turning away.

Bill looks at him for a moment, eying the boy next to him before his eyes narrowed in determination. Scooting a bit closer, Bill looks at the boy before bringing his arm out and wrapping it around the taller boy’s shoulders. Without giving him time to react, he pulls the other boy closer to him.

By the way the other boy tenses in his arms; he could tell that he



surprised him.

“Mike, I’m not h-here to embarrassed you. I can understand w-what you’re g-going through. Don’t fuh-feel ashamed to cry because I been in the s-same s-s-situation as you too.”

He could Mike’s breathing in the nape of his neck, body still tense before he feels the boy just collapsing in his arm, hiding his face in his neck as he feel tears on his skin, soft sobs escaping the other boy’s lips. Bill only wraps his other arm around Mike and pulls him close, hiding his own face on the raven haired boy’s shoulder.

Yes, he understood very well the role of the leader and the stress that goes along with it. But he wasn’t going to let Mike deal with it alone. They might have gone off in the wrong foot but he was here and he wasn’t going to let him deal with this silently and by himself. Just as Richie was there for him, he was going to be here for Mike.

After all, only a leader can understand the position of another leader...